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WHOLE NO. 2036

Poetry.

"HE IS DEAD."

The following lines were written after reading in the Chronicle, a notice of the death of Mr. Freeman.

Again the deep-toned bell we hear,
And the old tale 'tis telling;
Again, again the bitter tear,
From the mourner's eye is welling.

Again the tale of love is told,
And hushed the voice of gladness;
And e'en the notes of lark and dove
Are sad, sad, sad, sad, sad.

Again, a man with silver hair,
And smile, and sunny brow,
Who brought the light of life to me,
Has yielded to the storm.

And the sorrow of the past is by,
His slow and measured tread,
And the tears that glisten in his eye,
Speak softly, "he is dead."

Another house is broken now,
And other ties are riven;
To wrench our hearts away from earth,
And fix them nearer heaven.

For though the moment of death
Is mouldering in the grave,
The freed immortal part, we trust,
Has flown to Him who gave.

We learn to love a forest tree,
Or some lone flower;
We learn to love the gentle breeze,
And feel its soft perfume.

But soon we find our noble oak
Is rotting in its trunk;
Its shivering leaves are falling,
And its life is done.

The flower we loved—O! Autumn's breath
Too softly, far, has blown;
We find the shrub, the dying stem,
Its petals round it strown.

'Tis thus with every earthly joy;
When brightest seems the day,
And least we dream of losing it,
'Tis quickly torn away.

Then mourners, banish every dread,
You hear his step no more,
But know, 'tis not a spirit tread,
Heard on the other shore.

Oberlin, Sept. 25th. J. A.

HEBREW REQUIEM.

"Go thou in peace," we would not have thee linger
In the low halls of this transient earth;
Where every joy is touched with sorrow's finger,
And tears succeed the brightest hours of mirth.

Thine upward gaze is fixed upon the dwelling
Where sin and sorrow never more are known;
And though the hosts of Israel's God that shine,
Have caught the music of celestial tones.

"Go thou in peace!" thy home on earth now leaving,
In the low halls of this transient earth;
Where every joy is touched with sorrow's finger,
And tears succeed the brightest hours of mirth.

Thine upward gaze is fixed upon the dwelling
Where sin and sorrow never more are known;
And though the hosts of Israel's God that shine,
Have caught the music of celestial tones.

"Go thou in peace!" thy home on earth now leaving,
In the low halls of this transient earth;
Where every joy is touched with sorrow's finger,
And tears succeed the brightest hours of mirth.

Thine upward gaze is fixed upon the dwelling
Where sin and sorrow never more are known;
And though the hosts of Israel's God that shine,
Have caught the music of celestial tones.

Choice Miscellany.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

"But you are rich enough, Lauson—
Let us leave this great city, and seek
Some more quiet home."

"No, no, Lydia. Business is my very
life. I must make a little more money
before I give up."

"Will you tell me, my husband, how
much you would have now; if you
were to settle your business up now?"

"Oh! perhaps two hundred thousand
dollars!"

"And think, Lauson, only think, how
easily, how sumptuously we would live
upon the interest of that, and how much
too, to bestow upon those who need our
charity. Come tell me that you will
leave your business at once. I can see
what you cannot see. You are under-
mining your constitution, and your health
is fast leaving you."

"Pshaw! Lydia, you croak like a raven,
I should love my health were I to
leave my business. Don't say any more
now, for you see I am busy."

As the husband spoke, he turned to
the little ebony *ecrivoire* which he had
kept in his parlor and commenced over-
hauling and studying the various papers
which lay there.

Lauson Watkins had seen his thirtieth
year and young as he was, he had be-
come what the world calls rich. At an
early age he had entered the mercantile
business and fortune had smiled upon
him. He had already amassed a com-
petency; but while he had been doing
this he lost his health. His organization
was not one that would bear mental ex-
citement. His brain was large and ac-
tive, his excitability intense, and his mind
easily worried and tortured; on the other
hand his physical constitution was slight
and of nervous temperament. For years
he had applied himself to business with
order taking a respite, and the faster mon-
ey came in upon him, the more anxious
and nervous did he become in his labors.
Night after night he labored over his ship-
ments and invoices, and gradually, but
surely the joy of health was departing
from him.

For Lydia Watkins saw all this. She
saw the fearful disease marks growing
upon her husband's countenance, but
she could not persuade him to feel as she
felt. He laughed at her for her fears,
and yet while he laughed he felt the
disease growing at his vitals. As the

merchant sat at his work, his anxious
wife watched him with painful interest.
His face was pale in the extreme, and
the blue veins stood staring out upon
his huge white brow and temples. His
eyes were large and brilliant but their
brilliance was not natural—it was a false
nervous light gleamed there. As he
poured over a complicated invoice, reduc-
ing to his own currency large amounts
of foreign money, his long, white fingers
worked nervously through his hair, and
his wife heard him breathe hard. O, she
knew he could not live long so.

When at a late hour he complained of
headache, but he had cleared ten thou-
sand dollars by the cargo he had been
disposing of, and he was pleased. That
ten thousand dollars did not help to give
him content—it only served to spur him
on to new exertions.

"Lydia," said Mr. Watkins, after he
had closed his *ecrivoire*, "have you seen
your Uncle Langrave to-day?"

"No."

"I am afraid he is going rather deep-
ly into a dangerous speculation. For a
week back I have been endorsing paper
for him to a considerable amount. He
helped me without stint when I com-
menced business, and I suppose I must help
him now; but I hope he will be care-
ful."

"Adam Langrave is a careful man,"
replied Lydia, "and I am sure he would
not do that which would cause you to suffer."

"O no, I don't think he would," said
Watkins, and here the conversation drop-
ped, for the young man's mind became
buried in his business.

Adam Langrave was an old man, and
had been the foster father of Lydia.—
The girl had been left an orphan at an
early age, and her husband had com-
menced his career as Langrave's clerk,
and thus he became acquainted with the
fair and virtuous girl whom he made his
wife. Langrave had lately entertained a
project for making money, and it was in
pursuance of that that he had called on
Watkins for assistance.

On the day following the scene de-
scribed above, Mr. Langrave called at Wat-
kins's store, and opened to the young mer-
chant more fully his project. It was a
vast one, but it promised a golden har-
vest, and after much deliberation, Wat-
kins entered into it. It looked feasible to
him, he promised himself a rich return
for his assistance.

"Lydia, I am a ruined man!"
This was the exclamation of Lauson Wat-
kins, as he entered the parlor one
evening about a fortnight after his inter-
view with Langrave. He was paler than
usual, and every nerve was shaking with
agitation.

"Ruined!" repeated the wife.

"Yes, Langrave has failed; he has
entirely, completely sunk. Every cent is
gone."

"But you are not all lost. Something
can be saved."

"No, not a dollar. Fool that I was!
I went in with him to the amount of two
hundred thousand dollars. I trusted to
his honor—"

The young man did not finish the word.
He was excited, but had judgment enough
not to hurt the feelings of his wife by
speaking harshly of her uncle. He was
for the whole completely prostrated. The
blow had come upon him with a crush-
ing weight, and he felt it keenly.

"Do not blame my uncle too much,"
she murmured. "Everything is not lost,
I am left to you. In your business tri-
als I could not help you, but in your life
trials you will find that I am not useless.
Do not despair, dear Lauson, something
may turn up to assist you."

The young gentleman did not speak.
He returned his wife's embrace, and at
that moment she saw more real grateful-
ty in his eye, than she had seen there
before for months.

At the end of the week the young
merchant's business was settled up, and
he found himself the possessor of just the
amount of personal property which the
law allowed him. Everything had been
swamped away—every cent. Yet there was
one thing that remained within his grasp.
His wife held by her own right, a small
farm in the country. It was her birth-
place—the old home of her childhood—
and her uncle had secured it to her in
such a manner, that no misfortune of her
husband could fall upon it. Lydia be-
gave her husband to find a home upon
that farm. He hesitated a while and
then consented. He had at first thought
of procuring a clerkship, and trying
once more to set himself in business; but
the way looked tedious to him—it seemed
too hard to gain the place from which
he had fallen, and he gave it up. It was
too much for his pride to occupy a men-
ial position now, and he turned away
from the great city, weary and heart-
broken. The home that Lauson Watkins re-
ceived at the hands of his wife, was in truth
a lovely abode. The farm was an excel-

lent one, bearing the choicest of fruit,
and capable of the most productive cul-
tivation. The dwelling was a sweet little
cottage surrounded by great elms, with
cherry and plum trees in front, while at
a little distance, sparkling like silver in
the sunbeams, lay a lakelet, into which
a hundred bubbling brooks poured their
crystal tributaries. Lydia sold her jewels,
and thus she realized enough to pur-
chase a choice stock for the farm, besides
having enough left to hire a trusty man
to take charge of the grounds.

While Watkins was taken this step,
Adam Langrave went out South, but
where, no one save himself knew.

It was early spring when the fallen
merchant moved upon the quiet farm,
and the work must soon begin. He was
not a man who could remain idle, and
he took hold to help his man do the
work. It was new to him, but he found
it by no means disagreeable. His appe-
tite grew sharp, and he began to have a
keen relish for food. The milk that came
from his own cows tasted sweet to him.
And then to see his little wife making
and mixing bread, all with her own
hands—it was novel to him, but it pos-
sessed a charm too, which was grateful.
Then he saw his children, a little boy
and girl, playing upon the green sward
in the garden, and he knew they were
growing healthier. By-and-by he set
his children to studying, and he himself
heard them recite their lessons.

Before winter set in the ex-merchant
had become a real farmer. His crops had
been good, and he experienced a strange
pleasure in realizing that he had gather-
ed to his granary more than provision
enough for the year to come.

But who shall paint the happiness of
the devoted wife, when she saw her hus-
band thus returning to himself. The
bloom of health was upon his cheek, his
step was firm and elastic, his spirits were
buoyant and free, and his soul had be-
come centered in his home.

Three years passed away, and the
pale, trembling, feverish merchant, had
become a stout, healthy, rugged man.—
His home the abode of every joy—a
heaven upon earth.

It was in the evening. Mr. Watkins
had heard his children recite their les-
sons and say their prayers, their mother
had blessed and attended them to bed.
They had just sat down alone—the hus-
band and wife, when some one rapped at
the door. Lauson arose and opened it,
and Adam Langrave entered the apart-
ment. Lydia sprang to the old man's
embrace, and she wept tears of joy to
see her kind uncle again.

Langrave looked at him with some-
thing like surprise depicted upon his
countenance, as he shook hands warmly
with Lauson, he seemed almost doubt-
ful about trusting his own senses. Could
it be possible that the dying merchant
had become such a living man? The
change to him was more surprising than
it was to Lydia, for she had watched
each slow development of returning health
while he saw it all at once. It was in
truth a very wonderful change.

Quickly did Lydia prepare a simple
repast for her uncle, and the old scenes
were talked about. Lauson told how he
had succeeded on his farm, and Lang-
rave told where he had been in the South.
The evening wore away pleasantly
and agreeably. At length the old man
remained silent for some moments,
and Lydia began to tremble.

"Lauson," said he, "how would you
like to go back into the city and enter
into business again?"

"I couldn't think of it," said the
young man with a shudder.

"But I think I could raise the means,"
said he.

"No, no I am not fit for a merchant.
Mine is a constitution that cannot live in
such business. O, I would not give up
this sweet home for any establishment in
the city. Ah, sir, I learned a great les-
son when I came here, a lesson of life.
I know that I should have been in my
grave had I remained in the city. I did
not see it then, but I see it now. At first
I thought the loss of my property a calam-
ity; but, sir, it was a blessing in disguise.
Look at us now and see if we are not hap-
py. And to-morrow morning you shall
see my children. You will have to rise
early if you would hear their first shout
of joy, and see their first smile of glad-
ness."

"Thank God, Lydia," murmured the
old man, as he turned towards his niece,
"your plan has been blessed first at his wife,
and then upon her uncle. He was puz-
zled. His wife caught his eager gaze,
and with a convulsive movement she
sprang towards him and threw her arms
around his neck.

"O, forgive me, my husband—forgive
me!" she uttered, while tears
streamed down her cheeks.

"Forgive you?—for what? What
does this mean?" gasped the young man,
as he disengaged his wife's arms from
his neck, and looked into her face.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Sept. 23, 1855.
Editors Chronicle: This city has been
in a fever of excitement since yesterday
P. M., caused by the publication of the
America's and *Washington's* news from
Europe, announcing the important and
too long looked for turning point of affairs
in the Crimea. *Sebastopol has fallen!*
This cannot be mere idle rumor, as was
the case nearly a year since; the details
are too painfully true. Let us glance at
the news as last received.

On the 5th instant, the Allies, having
made extensive preparations, commenced
the bombardment; the French attacking
the Malakoff, or strongest work of the
enemy, while the English and Sardinian
forces attacked the Great Redan. The
French were six times repulsed, but on
the seventh attack they succeeded, amid
the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" in
planting their eagles on its walls. The
British were alike successful, though with
less loss; and on Saturday, the 8th Sep-
tember, the whole southern part of the
town was evacuated by the Russians,
after having blown up and burned every-
thing possible. Their retreat was effect-
ed during the night, on bridges con-
structed of boats across the bay. These
were immediately destroyed, together
with the men-of-war steamers in the har-
bor, either by Russian orders or by fire
of the Allies—probably by Russian au-
thority, as orders were a year ago given
that in the event of success by the Allies,
the whole city and fleet should be de-
stroyed.

This great victory has been achieved
at an immense cost of life and treasure,
but it was expected. No details of losses
have reached us, but it is probable the
loss on both sides must reach thirty thou-
sand men! The French loss, according
to the *Moniteur*, in killed, will probably
exceed 2,000, among them 240 officers,
including Generals Bisquet, McMahon,
and Frucher, and some 5,000 wounded.
The British loss, according to the *London*
Post, was 500 killed, including 141 offi-
cers, and 1,400 wounded. The Russian
loss is supposed to greatly exceed these
figures.

"The first prize of this glorious victo-
ry, belongs of right (says the *London*
Times) to our gallant allies, the French,
since the Malakoff Tower, the key of the
main position, fell before the vigor of
their assault; but, with that chivalrous
feeling which is the noblest bond of men
who have fought and conquered together,
the names of those who carried the rug-
ged defences of Sevastopol deserve to
stand side by side on one page, and no
invidious distinctions shall sully or lessen
the common renown."

All dispatches agree as to the terrific
nature of the battle, and the indomitable
courage and bravery displayed by the
Allied troops during these three days of
"infernal firing." Large numbers of
guns—one report says 2,500—fell into
the hands of the besiegers. But little
ammunition was secured, an immense
quantity having been destroyed by the
Russians in their precipitous retreat. A
large party has been stationed in such a
position as to cut off the retreat, and
prevent Gortschakoff from joining Lip-
rand. An order has been sent to Gen.
Pelissier, that should Russia ever to en-
capitulate, to demand that she shall sur-
render at discretion, lay down her arms,
and give up all the fortified places in the
Crimea, including Odessa and all her
military works, without doing them
any previous damage. This will not be
done. Russia has too many resources
near at hand, to submit to such terms,
especially after only their first important
defeat. History tells us that after the
burning of Moscow, and when the reig-
ning Czar was asked by Napoleon I. to
capitulate, asserting "the war was now
at an end," the Emperor replied, "The
war is just begun." Those who imagine
the present defeated battle will close the
campaign, will please remember this re-
ply, and also the declaration of the pre-
scent Czar: "May my right hand wither
before I sign terms of peace dishonorable
to Russia!"

All Paris was illuminated on the night
of the news, and Queen Victoria sent
her congratulations to General Simpson,
and through him to General Pelissier and
the French army. The British seem to
take but little of the credit to themselves,
notwithstanding they share equally in the
glory.

Another abortive attempt was made on
the evening of the 6th ult., to assassinate
the Emperor of the French, at the door
of the Opera Italiana. The assassin,
named Bollemaire, was promptly arrest-
ed. The carriage attempted to be fired
upon, however, though only of the Imperial
equipment, contained only Mails of
Honor, the Emperor being in the car-
riage following. Great excitement was
of course the result, and congratulations
were offered to Napoleon by the Papal
Nuncio and others, but when it became

generally known that the assassin was
believed to be insane, all idea of a gen-
eral demonstration of sympathy was aban-
doned.

I had intended writing you some ac-
count of the visit of the thousand Sabbath
School teachers of Boston, and their pu-
pils, to our city; how they were receiv-
ed at the Crystal Palace; how they
went sight-seeing over on the Islands and
looked at our Institutions; how they were
spoken to, and what they spoke in reply;
how the publishers and authors of the
country met and enjoyed a most deligh-
tful *déjeuner* last evening; what nice
things were eaten and witty things said,
and how your correspondent had a good
time among such a galaxy of the bright-
est stars of the literary firmament; what
I saw at the Horticultural Fair, and the
big squashes and pumpkins I tried to lift
and couldn't; the beautiful display of
dahlias and flowers generally; of pears
weighing a pound and a quarter; grapes,
one cluster of which filled a common-
sized dinner plate of the poetical ad-
dress of William Cullen Bryant, &c. &c.,
but I fear you are already wearied.

Some other day you may hear from
me again.

Yours, &c., F. W. J.

PAYNE AND PATIENCE.

Puns on people's names are the pas-
time of small wits, and half the plays of
this are to be set down to the invention
of the weak-bellied, rather than to the
facts of actual history. Thus it is very
doubtful whether the good deacon in this
story ever had an existence except in
the brain of the punster. He had lost
his wife, consoling himself by very pri-
vate but particular attentions to Patience
Pierson, a smart young woman in the
parish.

One day he was bewailing his loss in
the car of his kind pastor, of whose sym-
pathy he was very sure; and the minis-
ter said to him, in a tone of deep con-
dolence:

"Well my dear friend, I cannot help
you; you had better try and have PATIENCE."

What more he would have said the
deacon did not wait to hear; but think-
ing the minister had found out his secret,
he put in:

"Yes, Sir, I have been trying to get
her, but she seems to be rather shy!"

The following rests on no better au-
thority than the above:

Mr. William Payne, a very good fel-
low, was a teacher of music, in a pleasant
town in Massachusetts; and in his
school, one winter, was a pretty girl,
some twenty years old, named Patience
Adams, who having made a strong im-
pression upon Mr. Payne, he lost no time
in declaring his attachment, which Miss
A. reciprocated, and an engagement was
the result. Just as Mr. P.'s attentions be-
came public, and the fact of an engage-
ment was generally understood, the school
being still in continuance, and all the par-
ties of a certain evening being present,
Mr. Payne, without any thought of the
words, named as a tune for the commencing
exercise, "Federal Street," in the
excellent collection of church music,
"The Carmina Sacra." Every one loved
Patience, and every one entertained the
highest respect for Payne; and with a
hearty chorus on the part of the school,
the evening chorus commenced:

The coincidence was so striking, that
the gravity of the young ladies and gen-
tlemen could hardly be restrained long
enough to get through the tune. The
beautiful young lady was still more beau-
tiful with her blushing cheeks and mod-
estly cast-down eyes, while the teacher
was so exceedingly embarrassed he knew
not what he did. Hastily turning over
the leaves of the book, his eyes lit upon
a well-known tune, and he called out
"Dumdee." The song began as soon as
sufficient order could be restored, and at
the last line of the following stanza rose
to a climax:

"Let not despair nor full revenge
Be to my doom known;
Oh, give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own."

Patience was already betrothed; she
was in fact his; and in about a year af-
terwards they became man and wife:

"Do you cast things?" inquired a
Yankee one day, as he sauntered into
a foundry and addressed the proprietor.

"We do."

"You cast all kinds of things in iron
eh?"

"Certainly, don't you see that is our
business."

"Ah! well cast me a shadow, will
you?"

"Yes! come here, Jim, Sam, and Dick
and cast this Yankee into the furnace."

The Yankee cast one look, one linger-
ing look behind, and made tracks for
parts unknown.

COON HUNT IN A FENCY COUNTRY.

Really, its astonishing what a mon-
strous sight of mischief there is in a pint
of rum! If one of 'em was to be sub-
mitted to analysis, as the great doc-
tors call it, it would be found to contain
all manner of devilment that ever entered
the head of man, from cussin' and stealin'
up to murder and whippin' his own mo-
ther, and nonsense enough to turn all the
men in the world out of their senses. If
a man gets a badness in him, it will bring
it out, just as saffraan tea does the mea-
sles; and if he's a good-for-nothin' sort of
a fellow, without no bad traits in petti-
ker, it will bring out all his greatness. It
affects different people in different ways;
some it makes rich and happy, and some
poor and miserable; and it has a different
effect on different people's eyes—some it
makes see double, and some it makes so
blind that they can't tell themselves from
a side of bacon. One of the worst cases
of rum folly that I've heard of for a
long time, took place in the neighborhood
of Pineville last fall.

Bill Sweeney and Tom Culpepper are
the two greatest old coveys in our settle-
ment for coon-huntin'. The fact is, they
don't do much of anything else, and when
they can't catch nothing you may depend
on't coons are scarce. Well, one night
they had everything ready for a reg'lar
bust, but owing to some extra good fortin'
Tom had got a pocket pistol, as he called it,
of reg'lar old Jamaica, to keep off the
rumatics. After takin' a good starin'
horn, they went out on their hunt, with
their light-wood torch blazin' and the
dogs barkin' and yelpin' like forty thou-
sand. Every now and then stoppin' to
wait for the dogs, they would drink one
another's health till they began to feel
very comfortable, and chatted away 'bout
one thing and another. Bimeby they
came to a fence. Well, over they got,
without much difficulty.

"Whose fence is this?" said Bill.

"Taint no matter," said Tom; "let's
take somethin' to drink."

After takin' a drink they went on,
wonderin' what on airth had become of
the dogs. Next thing they came to was
a terrible muddy branch. After pullin'
through the briars and gettin' on 't'her
side, they tak another drink, and after
goin' a little ways, they came to another
fence, a monstrous high one this time.

"Whar upon airth is we got to, Cul-
pepper?" said Bill. "I never seed such
a heap of branches and fences in these
parts."

"Why," said Tom, "it's all old Star-
lid's doings; you know he's always build-
in' fences and makin' infernal improve-
ments, as he calls 'em. But never mind,
we're through 'em now."

"Recon we isn't," said Bill; "here's
the all firedest fence yet."

Sure enough, that they was, right
agin another fence. By this time they
began to be considerable tired and lim-
ber in the joints, and it was such a terri-
ble high fence. Tom dropped the last
piece of the torch, and that they was in
the dark.

"Now you is done it," says Bill.

Tom know'd he had, but he thought
it was no use to grieve over spilt milk, so
says he, "Never mind, old hoss, cum
ahead, and I'll take you out," and the
next minit, kerslash, he went into the
water.

Bill hung on the fence with both hands
like he tho't it was slewin' round to throw
him off.

"Hallo, Tom," sez he, "whar in the
world is you got to?"

"Here I is," sez Tom, spounin' the wa-
ter out of his mouth, and coughin' like
he'd swallowed somethin'—"look out,
there's another branch here."

"Name of sense whar is we?" sez Bill;
"if this isn't a fency country, dad fetch
my buttons."

"Yes, and a branchy one, too," sez
Tom, "and the highest and deepest and
thickest that I ever seed in all my born
days."

"Which way is you?" sez Bill.

"Here, right over the branch."

"Come ahead," says Tom, "let's go
home."

"Come, thunder, I in such a place as
this, whar a man aint got his coat-tail
unbitched from a fence, fore he's over
his head and ears in water."

After gettin' out and feelin' about in
the dark, they got together again. After
takin' another drink, they set out for
home, denouncin' the fences and branch-
es, and helpin' one another up now and
then; but they hadn't gone more'n a
twenty yards fore they brung to a halt
by another fence.

"Dad blame my picture," sez Bill, "if
I don't think we is bewitched. Who
upon airth would build fences all over
creation this way?"

It was about an hour's job to get over
this one; but after they got on the top
they found the ground on the other side
without much trouble. This time the
bottle broke, and they cum monstrous

near having a fight over the catastrophe.
But it was a very good thing, it was, for,
after crossing two or three branches, and
climbin' as many more fences, it got to
be daylight, and they found that they
had been climbin' the same fence all
night, not more'n a hundred yards from
whar they cum to it.

Bill Sweeney sez he can't account for
it in any other way but that the licker
sort' turned their heads; and he sez he
does really believe if it hadn't a gin out,
they'd been climbin' the same fence and
wadin' the same branch till now. Bill
promised his wife to jine the temperance
society, if she would say no more about
that coon-hunt.

THE GREAT OCEANS TO BE MARRIED.

The Washington *Star* learns from a
reliable source, that some enterprising
citizens of the United States and New
Granada, have discovered and explored
the long-sought-for route for connecting
the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by
means of a ship canal. This great de-
sideratum to the commercial world is
certainly the most grand and important
enterprise of this age, and worthy the
attention and consideration of every civil-
ized people and government. The plan
as the *Star* understands, is to go to the
Atrato river, some fifty miles from its
mouth, with a depth of from six to
ten fathoms, and from thence to the Pa-
cific, a distance of some sixty miles more,
without a lock or obstruction in the con-
templated canal. A liberal grant has
been made by the government of New
Granada to the persons engaged in this
great undertaking, and the whole route,
from one ocean to the other, has been
accurately surveyed, and the facts de-
veloped are beyond doubt or question,
so far as the feasibility of the work is
concerned.

DIMENSIONS OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.

The latest measurement of our fresh
water seas are as follows:

The greatest length of Lake Superi-
or is 435 miles; the greatest breadth is
160 miles; mean depth 938 feet; ele-
vation 627 feet; area 23,000 square
miles.

The greatest length of Lake Michigan
is 360 miles; its greatest breadth 108
miles; mean depth 900 feet; elevation
587 feet; area 23,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Huron is
200 miles; its greatest breadth is 160
miles; mean depth 800 feet; elevation
574 feet; area 20,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Erie is
250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles;
its mean depth is 84 feet; elevation 555
feet; area 6,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Ontario
is 180 miles; its greatest breadth 65
miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; ele-
vation 272 feet; area 6,000 square miles.

The total length of all five is 1,385
miles, covering an area altogether of up-
wards of 90,000 square miles.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

A wonderful discovery is announced
as having been made recently by an
French chemist, M. Deville—to wit, a
easy and cheap method of separating
aluminum, the metallic base of common
clay, from the other constituents. This
metal rivals in beauty pure silver and
surpasses it in durability. Hitherto it
has existed only in small quantities, and
has been esteemed rather as a curiosity,
the price in France, a short time since,
being about the rate of gold! But by
Mr. D.'s improved method it can now
be produced in masses sufficient and
cheap enough to replace copper and even
iron in many respects, and thus place
the 'new silver' into such common use
as to suit the means of the poorest per-
sons.

AMERICANS IN AUSTRALIA.—The Paris
correspondent of the New Orleans *Piex-*
une contributes the following extract from
a private letter written by an Englishman
in Australia:

You, who have been so much in Amer-
ica, will not be surprised when I say the
Americans are by far the best men in
this country. You know well their en-
terprise, but even you will be astonished
at the following piece of statistical in-
formation: At Balarat, according to the
late census commission, the population is
22,000, of whom only 240 are Ameri-
cans. In order to drain the water from
the deep sinkings, and also to wash the
stuff, there are seven steam engines and
machines; of these, four belonged and
were worked solely by Americans. All
the great contracts are taken by them:
the lines of stages to and from the dig-
gings are accessible to wheels—and
few are not—all are Yankee; the coach-
es either Troy or Albany built; the har-
ness and all from the same country. In
coming into the bay you will notice that
all the fine ships are American; the best
hotels are theirs—in fact they are im-
proving our people out of the place alto-
gether.